

Pro Wrestling Sushi

#113

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Almost a month without wrestling is a scary proposition!

(Like, what if you turn the TV on and the Monday night wars don't do it for you anymore?!?)

"Cahoots?"

I ask you--dear principled, virtuous, trustworthy readers of Sushi.

Is the Undertaker in "cahoots" with brother Kane?

Cahoots to embarrass the venerable WWF?

Cahoots to put screws to the noble (though highly-strung-out and incredibly foul-mouthed) world title holder/role model for today's misguided youth Stone Cold Steven Austin during the FULLY LOADED pay per view?

Cahoots to humiliate the honorable Mister Vincent K. McMahon, Jr.?

"Cahoots!?"

CA-HOOTS!!!

CA-MOTHER-F**KIN'-HOOTS!!!???

... You've got to be kidding.

You mean I left Hawaii's balmy palm tree-lined shores, its sun-drenched waters, its clean soft sandy beaches, beaches filled with long-legged golden-haired voluptuous babes with butts-that-don't-quit-trying-to-burst-out-of skimpy colorful thong-bikinis, dragged my wonderful new bride across airport macadam ("Nooooo, Jeff, can't we stay another week?! Do we have to go home?! What can the Nation of Domination do for you that I haven't done the past three weeks?! PLEASE, can't we extend our honeymoon just one more teeny-tiny week?!) climbed aboard a jet plane ("Hey, stewardess, you got some rope? I don't think this seatbelt is gonna hold her down!) flew back to the mainland and switched on the TV only to watch Mr. McMahon on the 7/20 Monday night Raw grab the mic and ask The Undertaker if he and Kane were... in "cohoots?"

To semi-quote Mr. McMahon... "I am sooooo disappoint..."

... No... Wait!!!

... Taker has just grabbed Mr. McMahon by his long chicken-scrawny neck and is choke-slammng the hell out of him!

Mr. McMahon is selling the chokeslam like his head has just been snapped from his spinal cord! Mr. McMahon is flat on his back, grabbing his throat and gulping like a fish out of water. Mr. McMahon's face has become a disbelieving rictus filled with excruciating pain! It is a beautiful moment in sports entertainment history, a moment well worth the long plane ride home while sitting next to a woman who was mumbling and squirming and breathing heavily the entire six-hours due to all the duct tape, handcuffs and other restraints ("Yes, stewardess, I'm a federal marshall and she's my prisoner. I'm taking her back to the mainland where she'll stand trial and face execution in the electric chair for public behavior that would make members of DX blush!")

Now in the throes of post-chokeslam trauma, will Mr. McMahon, who is still flat on his back in the middle of the ring, start kicking the mat and go round-and-round in circles like Curly of the Three Stooges?! Ohhhh, heart be still!

... Will anyone come to Mr. McMahon's rescue?

[Do hula girls at luaus--where poi flows free like water falling over cliffs above the coast of Napali, where Harrison Ford and Anne Heche shot Six Days & Seven Nights--wear panties under those long grass skirts? Do little green geckos crap in the rainforest? Do all big Hawaiian guys look like The Rock?]

Oh, joy! There is a God in Heaven! My favorite oldtimer agents (Patterson, Brisco, Sarge) are running down the ramp to save Mr. McMahon! My favorite oldtimer agents are now rushing into the ring and bravely attacking The Undertaker! My favorite oldtimer agents are now getting their fat old butts chokeslammed by The Undertaker!

Up goes Patterson! Down goes Patterson! **SPLAT!**

Up, up, up goes Brisco! Downwwwwwn, downwwwwwn goes Brisco! **SPLAAAAAAT!!!**

Uuuu... uuuh... (umpfff!). . . upppppp goes Sarge! D-d-(umpfff!)down goes Sarge! **Plop.**

Brisco--like a rag doll--takes the best bump of the night.

During the first stage of the chokeslam, Brisco plants his right hand on Taker's shoulder (for leverage). Brisco then goes high into the air, hangs there for a sweet moment--his body suspended on

the horizontal plane, his arms and feet sticking into the air like a scarecrow in wingtips--and then he comes down, decending like a skydiver whose parachute wouldn't release, landing with a great, satisfying "splaaaaat!"

Brisco reminds me of the way Harly Race use to take chokeslams while wearing one of his crazy plaid sports coats and black disco shoes. Yes, taking a chokeslam with flair, with a touch of elan', with an instinctual knowing that its a tiny but important part of the overall package that separates the winnaahs, the marathon men, the icons-showstoppahs and main-eventers from the wannabes. These are the little things, the tiny little professional things that some wrestlers do, and some oldtimers can still do, that (at least for me) sneak onto the TV screen every once in a while, grab my attention, and compete grandly with the rock music, the homemade posters, the pyro, and the planted women in the audience who expose their verrrry larrrrge papayas when HHH asks them to pop their tops.

Thank you, God in wrestling heaven. Thank you for Gerald Brisco and for Pat Patterson and even for that old iron-jawed Sargent Slaughter. Thank you, God, for the pack of hyenas on the WWF booking committee who scripted that hilarious run-in and made me glad to get home just in time to catch the Monday night wrestling wars.

"... PLEASE, Jeff!!! Let's go back to Hawaii! I'll do the Sable thing again! I'll wear high heels in the shower! I'll talk like Luna! I'll pop my top at the breakfast table! I'll crack double-entendre one liners like Jacqueline! I'll do things that will make you breathe like Val Venis! I'll..."

'Hey, honey, do you want to watch the rest of Raw?'

Just one more honeymoon-and-wrestling-related story before dipping into the old mail bag.

On the afternoon Hollywood Hogan loses his match to Bill Goldberg (over in Hawaii, on Kauai, Nitro comes on in the mid-afternoon followed at six p.m. on another channel by Raw), my bride and I happen to turn on the TV and as fate would have it, the channel the TV is set on is TNT, and when Goldberg comes down the ramp and takes his usual shower in the sparklers, my bride says, "That's Goldberg, huh? He's big. He's on steroids." What is strange about this moment is that after not watching a bit of TV since we left California, the show that pops onto the TV screen a week or so later is Nitro, and in the three plus years I've known her, my new bride has never seriously watched any wrestling for any lengthy period of time of which I am aware. As a matter of fact, we hardly ever talk about graps expect when she hears me laughing in the den at some of the letters you write, or laughing at something on TV--usually stuff on Raw--when she'll check on me to see what's giving me stomach cramps or causing me to howl so loudly. And here, on the magical garden isle of Kauai, she is commenting about Goldberg and pointing out stuff that would make Dave Meltzer proud, and the TV hasn't even mentioned that it's Goldberg nor has his name even come on the screen yet. But she knows it's Goldberg. I was rather impressed. We watch the Hogan-Goldberg match. For me it was funny watching Hogan trying to put over Goldberg. It was like watching two statues trying to take a crap in a small space. But what was really amusing was all the markish mixed-with-semi-smart comments my bride was making during the match. Not BIG comments really, just non-stop running commentary from her as the match is going on: "Hogan is really losing his hair, huh?" "Hogan started it all, didn't he?" "Didn't Hulk once wrestle with Cindy Lauper on MTV?" "Goldberg is not really that good a wrestler, is he? He and Hogan are hardly wrestling." "Does Hogan really have a black beard?" "Hogan's arms are big. Is that from steroids, too?" "When I was little my father watched this stuff all the time. He still watches it. I think he watches this show because the other show comes on too late." "Why did Hulk change his name to Hollywood?" "Hogan's the bad guy, huh?" "Goldberg is going to win this match." "See, I knew Goldberg was going to win. Hogan let him win, huh?" "Isn't that the first time Hogan's ever lost?" Like I said, nothing really earth-shaking, but a strange, silly, uniquely, warm and precious moment in Hawaii between two newlyweds. And don't ask me how or why, but sitting there in this beautiful, spacious condo, with the sea breeze wafting into the room and my bride playing Mike Tenay to Tony Schiavone, it was a moment that made my heart melt, made all my hidden fears about getting married again dissolve, and made me love this woman even more. Of course, it was during Raw when the really strange thing happened. We'd gone out to dinner at famous Roy's Poipu Bar & Grill and when we came back, my bride asks, "Hey, honey, do you want to watch the rest of Raw?" I'd mentioned something earlier about Raw coming on and she was being a good wife to suggest it (right?), because there was no way in Hell that I, all by myself, was going to turn on the TV again and come home from Hawaii and hear my bride telling her friends that her new typical male husband couldn't go two or three weeks on our honeymoon without getting a wrestling fix. Right? So, not looking a gift horse in the mouth, I grab the remote and punch the "on" button. Raw is in its final minutes and I'm not sure what the match is, but I see Mankind and Kane on the screen, and Kane is in the ring, and the first

words out of my bride's mouth are, "That's the Undertaker." "No," I correct her. "It's Kane. Kane is the Undertaker's brother." "No," she says. "It's not Kane, it's the Undertaker." "No, I reply, warming up for the first argument of our marriage and ready to show my little bride who wears the wrestling fan's tights in this family. "That's Kane," I said, with gentle but firm authority. "Kane sort of looks like the Undertaker, but Kane's a different wrestler all together. The Undertaker wears black and he doesn't wear a mask." Undaunted, my bride stands in front of the TV, her arms folded, her lips pursed, a touch of attitude wrinkling her brow as she shakes her head. "Wanna bet? That's the Undertaker." Well, by now you know who lost the bet. I was stunned and, in truth, delighted. How my bride ever knew the Undertaker was under Kane's mask and inside his costume shall always remain a mystery to me, as I was totally fooled, yet she picked-up on it almost immediately. I guess I could have asked her how she knew. Then again, maybe she just thought Kane was Taker, seeing as how she hardly ever watches this stuff. Or maybe it was just a lucky guess, like when a first-time player wins at Mumblypeg or knocks the bottles off the shelf at a carnival. Or maybe women just have this inexplicable knack about things and when push comes to shove, they use it to show us men who's really the superior race. I guess I'll never know. Anyway, she was so pleased with herself, not smug, not gloating, just so pleased and happy with herself that she-who-never-watches-this-stuff-and-could-care-less-about-it knew it was the Undertaker and not Kane. Yes, it was another one of those tiny little magic moments between a wrestling-loving-groom and his new bride who may never again, until death do us part, ask, "Hey, honey, do you want to watch the rest of Raw?" Okay, on to the mail bag. --JDM]

Mail from the underbelly of the underground

If it's humorous, a bit edged, funny as midgets, or warmer than mother's milk laced with Jack Daniels, it belongs here!

Alert New York man discovers black hole in wrestling space

While you were off getting hitched, I decided as a wedding gift I'd track down the biggest WCW "hole in booking" while you were away. Lo and behold, less than one hour into Thunder, Jericho was wrestling Ultimo Dragon when Heenan and Schiavone start disucssing how Dragon doesn't speak a word of English. Next, Malenko runs in to cause Dragon a DQ loss. Cut to commercial. Back from commercial, cut to locker area where we find Jericho intricately telling Dragon--in precise English--why he should get the title shot at the next PPV instead of Malenko. Dragon, of course, just nods in agreement. All this in the only division within the entire corporation that usually makes some sense. Anyhow, hope your wedding vows were in Japanese, so that Ultimo Dragon could at least understand something pertaining to graps.

Doug Heimowitz, Jericho, NY

Inquisitive New York man questions, among other things, his love for pro wrestling

Wrestling questions I've always been afraid to ask: 1) The name "Bern-ben?" Is this the pen name of Sky Low Low? 2) This fellow, Greg Petrosino, Bel Air, M.D. Is he like Dr. Zahorian or is he a good sawbones like me? 3) O'Magic Mirror, who is the fattest in the land: Bearer, Dusty, Madden, Shnavone, or Cornette? And which of them mistook the estrogen bottle for roids? 4) As the wrestling content of the shows goes down and the soap flows, will Viagra awaken my wrestling interest? 5) How would wrestling history have unfolded if Andre had refused to go up for a Hogan body siam at Wrestlemania? 6) If Vince gets steroid rage could he really beat the snot out of the enlarged Mr. Austin? And is Stone Cold getting bigger than life? See previous incarnations in WCW and ECW. 7) What would happen to my body if I had the temerity to ask Messers H. Hogan and S. Steiner if roids (HGH) do a body good? 8) What ever happened to Fred (light on his feet) Ottman? 9) If I don't care about Inoke, RINGS, Pancrase, EMLL, NWA, USWA, UFC, will listening to audio tapes of old Observers while asleep cure my malaise? 10) Why do I fear for my safety if I attend an ECW show at the Elks Lodge in Queens? 11) Why would a grown man be interested in graps? (I sign off so that I may see my shrink, the illustrious Karl Von Hess, 249 lbs., from Vienna, wearing the black cape!)

P.S. Jeff, if you keep your bride laughing as much as you keep me laughing you're going to have a great marriage. Congratulations to you both.

Dr. Richard Siegel, Hewlett, NY

Brave New York man enters territory where even angels fear to tread!

Congratrulations on your recent marriage. You're probably going to have a whole month's worth of letters from Eric Bemben and Steve Yohe choking your mail box and your first issue back will probably be longer than one of those old year-end Observer awards issues. Don't get me wrong, I really enjoy their letters, but would it kill you not to run one of their letters in the next issue? (I'm pretty sure

it would kill Bemben. But I'm sure you know best.) Actually, I've been monitoring letters to the editor written by both Eric and Steve which have been published in non-wrestling publications over the last six months. Here's the breakdown: Cat Fancy (Bemben), Cracked (Yohe), Dear Abby (Yohe "Miffed in Montebello"), Jet (Bemben), El Diario (Bemben), High Times (Yohe), Martha Stewart Living (Bemben), Pathways (Bemben's college literary magazine, two poems), TV Shopper (Yohe), Unte Reader (Yohe), Weekly Reader (Bemben.) This is a partial list, at best. Any help from your readers would be appreciated. I plan to compile a complete reference guide to all their letters and publish it, kind of like a Wrestling Title Histories, only longer. Interesting side note: no Bemben or Yohe letters in porno magazines! (Although there was a "Name Withheld" letter in Penthouse Forum last month that mentioned anti-gravity boots a lot.)

Scott Cornish, New Hartford, NY

New York madman-psychopath-icon sends Sushman and bride a wrestling-sytled best wishes

So, the editor of Sushi finally got married. It will only be a matter of time before he's counting the days to come back to my Nitro parties without his wife. When I heard Jeff was to wed, I started finding all kinds of rumors on the grape vine. The "new" Mrs. Jeff Mullins supposedly has a friend in the wrestling business. I believe she went to school with Jerry Lawler's current girlfriend. I hear they both look forward to starting high school in the fall. I even heard Mrs. Jeff Mullins met Jeff through the internet. She had a previous relationship with some womanizing wrestling commissioner from the St. Louis area until Jeff swept her off her feet via cyberspace. One person has told me she is a "Sushi groupie." I didn't know sheet editors had groupies. I thought I was the only one. I also heard Jeff met her at one of my Nitro parties. They supposedly got thrown out when they decided they didn't like Nitro, but instead like (it) Raw. I also heard she fainted at a recent WWF house show. This was due to the sheer presence of (Val) Venis. Luckily for her, Jeff revived her, but now he has to deal with a wife who talks incessantly about Val Venis. (Is this the reason Jeff expresses so much hatred for Val in his newsletter comments?) Personally, I think ol' Jeff is just jealous of big ol' (Val's) Venis. Nevertheless, I wish the newlyweds lots of luck. It takes a strong person to deal with another person's sick hobby. Especially when it caters to small children and so many functional illiterates. That might explain all of my failed relationships that spawned so many letter writers who go by the name "Eric Bemben." If and when Mr. & Mrs. Mullins decide to have children, I recommend the name "Eric." Despite her recent marriage, the new Mrs. Mullins will not be getting a refund from the "Eric Bemben" fan club. Her "Eric Bemben 4-Life" t-shirt will be arriving in a couple of weeks. Don't forget to call my hotline during your honeymoon. By the way, Jeff, I've gone through the process of having my name trademarked and I expect to be paid royalties from Sushi using my name in the PRO WRESTLING BEMBEN issue (#111) and all previous, current, and future issues. This is due to the PRO WRESTLING BEMBEN issue being the all time greatest selling issue ever which, no doubt, was how you got all the money for the wedding trip to Hawaii. Payment of royalties to me will also have to be made by Greg Petrosino, Mike Lano, and Harry White since they did not go through the process of getting permission from me to use my trademarked name in their recent jealous letters of tirade against me. Sincerely,

Eric the Icon "Trademarked 4-Life" Bemben (™), Brooklyn, NY

Sushiquickies: The look in the one good eye of Pierre after getting boxed silly by Dr. Death Steve Williams in their wrestling-boxing tournament bout. . . The impact of seeing Shamrock, Blackman and Severn walking down the ramp, together. Who would win a six-man UFC shoot-style match: those three monsters or Royce, Tank and the Russian? . . . And of course, Sable's new blimps!

Next Issue: Because, for some odd reason, my new bride feels we don't need two homes anymore, and because she suspects I will be really, really busy helping her prepare one of our homes for sale or rent (ie. cleaning, painting, fixing the plumbing, boxing all the wrestling videos and newsletters, etc.), Sushi may not publish during the next three or four weeks. Publication should resume no later than Wednesday, 8/19, which means the next issue should arrive by or before Saturday, 8/22. (Do Marc Mero and Sable have to deal with things like this? Ah, marital bliss!) Til' then, Sushidudes! --JDM

Four-pages of weekly fun (and house dust) still only 50¢

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